Volume LIX CHICAGO, AUGUST 1, 1907 Number 22

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## A Noiseless Patient Spider

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

—*Whitman.*

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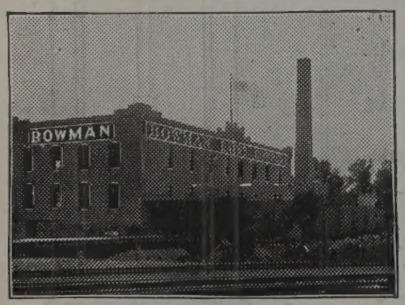


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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1907 NUMBER 22

**This is the thing which I know—and which, if you labor faithfully, you shall know also—that reverence is the chief joy and power of life—reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead and marvelous in the powers that cannot die.** —*Ruskin.*

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The *Literary Digest* has a suggestive on "Modern Theology's Life of Christ." It shows how rapidly is the religious world being reorganized. It is no longer "What readest thou?" but what lies back of the text even though that text be found in the New Testament gospel or epistles. Jesus antedated the writing and the man back of the words was greater than the words, however genuine.

---

John Burroughs in a recent number of the *Outlook* comes valiantly to the defense of his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, in the wild animal controversy into which the President was recently plunged, in which he shows, with abundant quotation and incident, that in spite of his hunting proclivities if not on account of them the President is at home in the woods. This article is timely and we hope that thousands of young lads in the United States will profit by the President's words rather more than by his example when he says, as quoted by Mr. Burroughs:

"Hunters should be nature lovers. It is to be hoped that the days of mere waseful, boastful slaughter are past and that from now on the hunter will stand foremost in working for the preservation and perpetuation of the wild life, whether big or little."

Surely if the hunter does this to the fullest extent he must often exchange the rifle for the camera and the cartridge box for the spy glass.

---

The report of the National Civic Federation on Public Ownership must be a disappointment to the partisans on both sides. It reminds us of the government clerk at Washington of whom a congressman sought for figures bearing on the tariff question, who asked, "On which side of the question do you want the figures?" Of course there are plenty of good figures available to prove either side. So there are plenty of wise men who are able to argue from precedent and theory for the success or failure of the scheme, as his own prejudices or temperamental inclination may dictate. But Walter L. Fisher, the Chicago expert who has done so much towards clearing up the problem in this city, comes very near to the root of the problem when in his contribution to the Civic Federation discussion he shows that the unsuccess of the American municipalities in the regulation of public utilities is traceable to the "power of public utility corporations in politics." Thus far they have succeeded in successfully defeating the thorough-going publicity necessary to successful control, and still more to the possible ownership. When public sentiment has become properly aroused and emancipated from the grip of the corporations and the graft and boodle incident thereto, he does not see why the success already achieved in the direction of parks, fire protection and public education may not be realized in regard to the public lighting, street transportation and public telephone utilities. This careful man of the law thinks it necessary to use with specific meaning and logical force the phrases "corrupt political bosses," "spoils system," "graft," and "measures once thought invincible but which have been overthrown."

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The *Chicago Legal News* for July 6 contains a "Supplement" setting forth the decision of the supreme court of Illinois concerning the locally famous attempt of the South Shore Club of Chicago to defy the prohibition territory on the South Side and to sell liquor to the millionaires who are largely represented in this club, under conditions which are prohibitory to the people who cannot organize a club. The decision of the supreme court is a conclusive and final one which says in substance, that it is immaterial whether the purpose of a corporation is social pleasure or making money. To retail intoxicating liquors is to establish a "dram-shop" under the intent of the law, and hence the South Shore Club violated the law and the fine of five hundred dollars is sustained. Incidentally the finding of the court offers much interesting information. It shows that the club property represents an expenditure of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the entrance fee is two hundred dollars and the semi-annual fee is fifty dollars. The membership is limited to two thousand resident and two hundred and fifty non-resident members. Fifty servants of one kind or another are in the employ of the club. Provision is made for all kinds of amusement on land and water, and doubtless many of these "substantial citizens" will regard it as a hardship to earn their *amusement* "by the sweat of their brows" without the restoring and consoling help of a high-ball or even a glass of beer. While the same people would not hesitate to join in the suppression of the vulgar saloon which offers to the laboring man who earns his bread "by the sweat of his brow" such deceptive strength

and inspiration. All good citizens in Chicago must rejoice in the decision of the supreme court if for no other reason than that it establishes the impartiality of the law.

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This is the way it appeared to one pair of eyes in London. We wonder what a pair of London eyes in Chicago would see to report on similar lines.

"Yesterday afternoon we drove out to Hyde Park and saw and heard the agitators of various sorts setting forth their doctrines—mission workers, socialists and women suffragists. The latter were drawing the largest crowds, and one woman was very good indeed; she held the crowd. She was young and quite pretty, with auburn hair and lovely pink and white skin, quite picturesque in a pale green dust coat and a large hat trimmed with roses and tied down with a veil. She was a well educated and refined woman, a graduate of a law college, though, of course, not allowed to practice. We had tea under the trees (for a wonder it was not raining) and then stumbled quite by accident upon the sacred precincts of the aristocracy on the Park Lane side, and the park, and we had the greatest fun watching the crowd. You never saw such elegant dresses, such style and fuss and feathers, and as they were all inside certain limits the *hoi polloi* stood outside and looked frankly at them, commenting upon their looks, clothes, children and dogs. It was exactly like looking at the animals at the circus."

* * * * * * *

"The Welsh maid has been pronouncing the name of that Welsh town with fifty-two letters in it tonight and also spelling it in Welsh. They have a short name for it which sounds something like 'cure-for-lock-jaw.' We are learning a good many things from guides and other people and will have quite an education by the time we get back. For instance, a man followed us on the stheet at Stratford and pointed out Marie Corelli's house. Mary asked him what she did. 'She's a book-worker, laidy.' 'What does she write?' 'She writes about Shaikspeare.' 'Doesn't she write anything else?' 'No, just about Shaikspeare.'"

* * * * * * *

"We had a very nice time at Oxford and we saw one of the public rehearsals of the pageant and enjoyed it very much, for it was very picturesque, but we didn't see it all because it poured and soaked the silks and satins and velvets of Charles I. and his court till we felt sorry for them. The most interesting part of Oxford was the sight of the pageant people going through the streets in their costumes and the mixture of ancient and modern was very funny, especially the shepherds in sheepskins, smoking pipes and riding on their wheels with their towsled wigs in paper bags with what appeared to be lunches, and an Elizabethan lady in green velvet and hoop skirts riding a wheel down a lane which she filled from wall to wall."

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The thanks of the citizens of Chicago and of municipal independence everywhere are due to Mayor Busse for the way he last week cut through a mass of entanglements which with laborious circumlocution the Chicago Telephone Company had piled in and around the new franchise they are soliciting with so much energy. Their quest has been for a "measured service" for which they have pled with patriotic emotion, legal astuteness and economic sophistry. In a very few moments Mayor Busse disposed of the matter before the committee by saying that the people wanted the alternative of a flat rate of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum and that he was going to stand for it. The committee accepted the inevitable and wrote in the new provision. The Telephone Company confessed defeat and for the time being went away sorrowful. There has been great danger that Chicago would suffer from a reaction after its long and tiresome quest for its rights in matters of street car transportation, and that having apparently partially won out on this line it was too tired to look after its interests in regard to the telephone, electric light, gas, and sub-way franchises. Perhaps Mayor Busse's action last week will put an end to the reaction and that the tide will set in again and the battle be renewed, the successful issues of which are to prove that no public utility in Chicago should yield to any private individual or combination of individuals more than a fair interest on the money invested. The investment is so sure that capital ought to be satisfied with the lowest rate of interest, and whatever of profit or advantage there accrues from any of these public utilities, over and above legitimate interest on capital and fair wages for the brain and brawn involved, belongs to the public, all of it, not a part of it. Every cent of the profits over and above the considerations named should be transformed into the common wealth of the community, not into the private wealth of an individual or of a corporation. The academic question is plain. How to realize it is the problem which confronts the legislators of the twentieth century.

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The *Chicago Record-Herald* in an editorial calls attention to "the remarkable progress of prohibition in the South," passing by the very significant action of the recent Georgia legislation, it calls attention to the fact that the Alabama legislature passed an early closing law which shuts down the saloons in the state at eight or nine in the evening. It tells us that all Tennessee is "dry" except the cities of Nashville, Memphis and Chattanooga. Ninety counties out of the one hundred and nineteen in Kentucky are "dry," and there are many prohibition precincts in the "wet" counties. The majority of the counties are "dry" in Texas, Mississippi and North Carolina. The cause which led to this, as suggested by the *Record-Herald,* is significant, viz., the constant menace to public order and decency that is traced to the influence of the saloon upon the lower elements of the community, both black and white. We venture to suggest a still more potent factor in this encouraging growth of temperance sentiment in the South to be found in the freer and franker expression of opinion possible at the polls, where the political issues are always safe. The democratic party is so in the ascendency that it seldom has anything to fear at the polls, as now conducted, from the opposing national party. This makes it safe on the part of the political manipulator to allow the temperance question to come to the front and receive something of the attention due to it. Were it possible to eliminate partisan anxieties on both sides in the northern states long enough to let the local option problem stand upon its own merits, the results would be far more startling than they now are south of the Ohio river. For the efficient contenders for the "dry" district on either side of the Ohio river now are not principally the preachers and the moral agitators, but the business men, the taxpayers, the employers of labor and the good law-abiding citizen in general. Everything points to the fact

that the American saloon as now conducted, a special place of carousal from which women and children must be excluded, and into which the self-respecting man is ashamed to go, must be abolished. The problem of total abstinence is a different and more difficult one. The American man and woman may for an indefinite period continue to drink whiskey, beer and the villainous compounds related thereto, but they must procure them in some more decent and safer way than in the American saloon as it now obtains.

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### Race Madness

A wealthy widower meets, under romantic circumstances, a beautiful young woman, falls in love with her, woos and wins her. He lives with her in happy wedlock until he dies. She makes him a helpful, loyal wife, maintains his establishment with credit, wins the confidence and affections of her neighbors, makes for herself a recognized place in society, becomes a respected and respectable member of the community.

After the death of her husband a step-son, himself the inheritor of an ample fortune, holder of a conspicuous position in the national service, stung perhaps with the blind resentment to a step-mother, so natural to children, so unbecoming and undignified in grown-up people, perhaps embittered still further by the lust of lucre, the greed for more inheritance, undertakes to interfere with the widow's legal claims on her husband's estate on the score that there is possibly a few drops of African blood coursing through the veins of the widow. The ground for such suspicion lies in the fact that her father was known as "Curly Robinson," because his black hair curled and furthermore he had a swarthy complexion and there was a haunting tradition somewhere in the neighborhood that there was a negro forbear somewhere away back.

A young lady of grace, beauty and accomplishment won for herself an enviable position among her classmates in a great university. Her honors were academic and social; her position as a student in the classes enlisted the admiration of her fellow-students and the confidence of her teachers. She became, by virtue of the law of the survival of the fittest, a leader of her kind. She wore her honors gracefully. It is the unchallenged testimony of her associates that she was as good as she was smart, lovable as she was intelligent, attractive and modest in her appearance and bearing as she was brilliant in the class room. There is no evidence that she was guilty of duplicity or concealment.

But lo! it was discovered that this beautiful girl had negro blood in her veins, though no trace of it had come to the surface in complexion or feature; furthermore, that she was the sister of a well known "colored man" who enjoys a reputation for success on lines which unfortunately have given too many white men a notoriety that has not interfered with their social positions or the "Society Swing" of their wives and daughters.

And lo! there is consternation among the students, a scandal on the campus, a scamper of girls out of the "Sorority" to which the beautiful girl belongs and to which up to this discovery she lent a grace which added to the attractiveness of its membership. The newspapers flamed with sensational headlines, harsh and cruel things were insinuated, and the poor, dear girl was tortured with a notoriety and chased by the vulgar into sad retirement.

A gentleman and a scholar, one who had won academic honors and a conspicuous place in society, one who had identified himself with the uplifting forces of the community, a leader in the humanities, beloved and trusted, is named as a desirable member to a club that claims to be made up of gentlemen of similar quality and purpose, though the majority of them confessedly in a lesser degree and of inferior ability. He was altogether in every respect a desirable member.

But lo! Oh, horrors, he is a Jew! and there is consternation in the management. The highest diplomatic skill and social sagacity is called into play to discover a way by which the club may escape the calamity of having a Jew membership and at the same time avoid the opprobrium of snobbishness if not something worse, by offering an indignity to a worthy citizen.

What is the matter? Why this foolishness that leads to injustice and cruelty that blunts the sensibilities that make for courtesies and justice? It all leads back to the conceit of race, the foolishness of caste, the more than mediæval narrowness that is as unscientific as it is un-Christian.

This race madness is far more pernicious in its influence upon the perpetrators of the indignity than on the recipients thereof. Permanent disgrace will rest upon the mean public official who resorts to such a petty subterfuge to enlarge his fortune and to annoy the woman whom his father had loved and trusted. Academic contempt and the reproach of the wise will follow the silly girls who ran away from their superior. The rejected Jew can well afford to be relieved of the social and other responsibilities of a Club made up of such members, for they, not he, are cads.

What is the remedy for this race madness? More culture, and that which will bring about more sense; knowledge discloses the unreliable, and, scientifically speaking, indefinite classifications of "species" and "race" boundaries. But still more is there need of a growth of conscience, an independence of spirit, a love of justice that will give to each man, woman and dog his rightful place in the world. And this rightful place must be determined by their own intrinsic merit, not by the conventions of Society or the accidents of birth.

"A man's a man for a' that!"

In bringing about this better state of affairs the pulpit, the school and the press have a solemn obligation. Meanwhile we are glad to give more extended publicity to the protest of Rev. W. E. McLennan, Pastor of the Belden Avenue Presbyterian church, Chicago, pub-

lished in the columns of the *Chicago Record-Herald* for July 26th:

To the Editor: In an obscure part of today's *Record-Herald* there appears a complete denial, from an authoritative source, of the sensational charges published in your paper and other Chicago papers relative to the posing of Miss Cecilia Johnson, a colored student at the University of Chicago, as a white girl. In the brief statement of today it is stated that Miss Johnson "made no attempt to hide her color," and that "because of the notoriety forced upon her" she is suffering keenly, in fact is "prostrated."

Now, it does seem to me that all of these facts could easily have been obtained before you published your cruelly unjust charges against Miss Johnson. Indeed, by every law of fair dealing you were bound to secure and publish them, if you published anything. It is doubtless true that the publishing of all the essential facts would not have made the original "stories" as interesting to a sensation-loving public, but it would have spared the young woman from what will undoubtedly affect her whole future career, if it does not actually cause mental and physical suffering from which she may never recover.

As a reader of the *Record-Herald* for many years I want to protest against this outrage upon a defenseless young woman. It is "yellow" journalism of a most flagrant character, and goes a long way to show that the charge frequently made that our newspapers regard truth-telling and chivalry as out of date has some justification.

## Children in the Country

For an intelligent person, willing and anxious to guide his children correctly, the country offers the most advantages and the least disadvantages. The work of training must begin very early, and it should be co-operative through the family. My own special difficulties with city life did not include merely the evil influences, but I did not care to have my children educated in conventionalism. I was anxious to create individualism of character. Close contact with physical nature, and a good deal less contact with all sorts of characters seemed desirable. Returning to my eastern homestead I undertook to make it in every sense a sort of school home. As soon as the oldest could talk I led him around among the trees to stimulate observation. My questions were "What is that," "and that" "and that?" This business of naming things goes very deeply into child life. My boy soon learned to name all the trees, commonly only modifying such names as distinguish them in common parlance. For elm he gave me em, and as for ash, while the apple and pear and plum he found no difficulty in differentiating. Then came my question why, and I found that he was able to define every tree by its peculiar characteristics. This was precisely what I wanted. It was not long before he grew impatient with my stupidity, and tried his best to inform me. This also was precisely what I wanted. The same plan was used with pebbles and grasses, and all other objects that he would have to deal with in common every day life. Books were debarred until about the seventh year. At that period I chose those which would, in the simplest way, co-operate with us in our personal investigation. So it was that he began his student life with geology, botany, entomology and ornithology.

It was necessary at once to make the hands co-operate with the brain. This was done, not merely by directing or stimulating the collection of insects and plants, but by lessons in drawing. Whatever was discovered as a fact was immediately turned over into the class of applied studies. That is, the boy had his garden for growing plants, and his laboratory for studying his entomological and other collections. The utility of knowledge was kept at the front continually. The study of Nature was at the bottom of all the work done. Things were to be studied, and books were to be considered in the same light as friends or helpers. A laboratory was built, and underneath it a shop fitted up for farther hand-culture. The children were instigated to build their own lathes, engines and other tools.

The general principles worked on were, first, to educate brain and hand and vocal organs with equal care; second, to begin with things nearest at hand, and move outward to things more remote; third, while insisting upon a special line of general study, the particular power and adaptation of each child was considered, and his bias was taken into consideration. I consider a course of this sort quite within the range of most of our country families. It requires a sharp reaction to more home training and home teaching. Parents must not discharge themselves of responsibility concerning the mental development of their children. Parents and children should not only work together, but study together. The fields constitute the rooms in a school house, and object lessons are all about us. Every garden is full of thoughts and facts. Children brought up in this manner will be almost certain to abstain from a vulgar use of the body and of the mind. They will learn that they inherit from Nature all that has been evolved for millions of years, and that they hold it as a trust. They will not be inclined to abuse this trust.

E. P. Powell.

## Our Tower Hill Letter

II.

"Glad to give
Poor flesh and blood respite and relief
'Twixt fight and fight,
All for the world's sake."

—*Browning.*

The second week on Tower Hill has been almost a full realization of Whittier's ideal of a summer communion with nature, with friends, and with appreciations of the soul, given in his "Tent on the Beach." The branches rustling in the breeze, and the splash of showers on leaves and roofs, varied with the wood thrush note, the musical trill of the cheewink, the clear whistle of the quail and many other birds, more than replace the quieting roll of old ocean's surf. The companionships on the walks and in the pavilion have had wide range and been a quiet, nourishing and upbuilding influence. There is perhaps a little too much of the feeling in both the "Tent on the Beach" and on Tower Hill, that the message sought must be given expression by the leader in so many lines per day, but this feeling has been discountenanced entirely in the life of the past week. Like a meeting of the Friends in Quaker communities, each has spoken as the spirit moved, and the "message" of the time and place appears to be close to the heart of all.

Sunday was a still, beautiful day, but toward evening clouds gathered in the western sky and when all were at tea in the dining room there was a downpour of rain which kept us there after the tables were cleared away. To join in a vesper service was the natural thing. All took part, suggesting favorite songs and quoting treasured verses and bits of heart-comforting wisdom.

We have had the young scholar and traveler with us this week, bringing us the inspiration of the newer world-wide looking American. The wholesome spirit of these younger leaders is manifest in the three talks of Chester Lloyd Jones, one on American consular and diplomatic service, one on recent treaty-making between the nations with regard to China, and one on student life at Madrid. America is showing an appreciation not only of the rights, but also of

the native genius of other peoples, thus escaping the greed of conquest and also the narrowing pride of proselyting her own political or other forms of associated life.

His scholarly talks and modest demeanor, even under the scorching fire of an introduction "within an inch of his life" by his fond uncle, made a most favorable impression on his audience. The bird-talks and walks with this most versatile young man have also been keenly enjoyed.

Only two evenings this week have been given to the Browning readings. In these we have had the beginning of the transcript of Euripides's drama of Alkestis as Browning has given it, with the interpretations and character criticisms which he puts into his Balaustion's mouth. We have reached the entrance of Herakles, and begin to appreciate the poetic genius and insight for the deepest truth of human life shown by Euripides in following the growth of character through inner struggles, here connected with superhuman presences. As yet we are wondering at the rather superficial nature of Browning's comments as they appear up to this point in the criticisms of Balaustion, though we appreciate the strength such lines as are quoted at the beginning of this letter give to the picture. Euripides in his use of extrahuman characters to typify the actions through which the soul grows may well have been the model for Goethe in the second part of Faust at least.

The morning talks on the Greek and Alexandrian influences in Jewish and Christian religious development during the four centuries preceding, and the two centuries following the birth of Jesus have proved a pretty closely written page to be called a "Blank Leaf." It has been a great pleasure to grasp the historical value of this Apocrypha literature and to trace in it the increasing effect of Persian and Greek conceptions of heavenly existence and of life eternal on the life of the Jews at the dawn of Christianity. The week's lessons have carried us through the Sibylline Prophecies with their curious union of the superstitious forms of heathen revelation with the wisdom the Hebrew had found revealed directly to his heart when given expression by wise men or prophet.

What shall we say of the children of Tower Hill? They are as bright, healthy and happy a lot of youngsters as can be found anywhere. On Wednesday Mr. Jones gave them an hour at the pavilion, reading Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin" and "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." An hour each morning of organized direction of their play or of real work under trained kindergartners keeps them in tune for the rest of the day. They are rapidly learning that first essential of true culture, "Do something for your neighbor," as evidenced by their pretty gifts to the guests and their decorations for the dining-hall.

This week we enjoyed the privilege of the "Knob" drive, under the guidance of Mr. Jones. The stage settings of the grand opera of Nature were successively spread before us as we ascended. From time to time the characters appeared before us in gorgeous robes and gave us of their best—the indigo bunting, with a burst of melody; the tanager, a streak of scarlet across the meadow; the industrious woodpecker, the goldfinch and the gay spoil-sport, the blue jay. The scene at the summit was a beautiful dream, then back past the grave of "Jess" and the little brown church in the valley.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE A. BROWN,
OF BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

*Tower Hill, Wisconsin, July 26, 1907.*

## Morocco, the Derelict of Diplomacy

The strangest thing I know is that Morocco, the world's richest prize, should have remained intact unto this day. Thirteen legations and consulates general, costly out of all proportion to immediate needs, watch the staggering derelict on the spot in Tangier. And have we not seen the two greatest military powers on earth at daggers drawn over the spoil, and a terrible crisis averted only by the backing down of France at Von Bülow's will, followed by the "breaking of Théophile Delcassé, the strongest foreign minister France ever had?

Now people are asking: "Why all this excitement over a semi-savage Barbary state which many of us picture as a worthless desert, peopled only by blacks?" Because, from the viewpoints of strategy, climate and mineral and agricultural wealth, Morocco stands unique, with a potential trade—given a couple of decades of development—of $200,000,000 a year.

Looking round we see all the nations struggling for existence, for new markets, for new outlets for their people. Germany took the Duchies from Denmark, Alsace-Lorraine from France and Kiao-chau from China. France, in her turn, seized Algeria from the Deys, the Savoy from Italy and Tunis from its beys—of course "to keep order and suppress piracy in the Mediterranean!" Great Britain seized the Transvaal and the Orange Free State; Italy covets Tripoli; Russia laid hands on Manchuria.

Yet none dared touch Morocco, for Tangier and Ceuta are the keys of the world's highway, so that invasion of the Moorish Empire would have raised Armageddon. And the troubled seas of diplomacy surely never beheld so rich a "derelict." Three hundred thousand square miles of earth's most fertile land lying at Europe's very door and with 1,300 miles of coast line—a perpetual Riviera—on two of the world's most important waterways, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. A prize indeed!

A granary that would feed an empire. Limitless fisheries, especially below Agadir, where the Germans are now making rich hauls. Copper mines richer than the fabulously rich Rio Tinto property, just across the Straits. And ten millions of a hardy fighting race that might well yield a superb army of half a million troops, such as could be swiftly disposed in European fields should occasion arise. A recruiting ground of this kind may well counterbalance the rapid increase of Germany's population over that of her rival.

How few of us realize that only nine miles separate Morocco from Europe, at the narrowest point of the Straits of Gibraltar? And who shall say in these days of daring engineering that this span may not soon be bridged and Europe united with Africa by rail?

A prize, indeed, this Morocco—one even remotely comparable to it does not exist. The climate is the lovely climate of southern Spain; the richness of the soil would make our farmers' mouths water, for it will grow and grow with phenomenal luxuriance everything from wheat and barley to oranges, sugar, tea, coffee, cotton, cork and wine. If Algeria, with half the area and population and no rivers worthy the name, has a trade of $125,000,000 a year, what would that of Morocco be worth if properly developed?—*From "Morocco, the Derelict of Diplomacy," Reviews for July.*

## Death

I am the key that parts the gates of Fame;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place:

The messenger of sure and swift relief.
Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief;
The friend of those that have no friend but me,
I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that Man calls—Life!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

## THE PULPIT

### Different Ways of Marking the Gospels

By Rev. Willard Brown Thorp, Chicago.

"And why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"—Luke 6:46.

These words from the very heart of the Master voice the lament of every sincere and devoted teacher in the realm of ideals since the world began. At first he is a voice crying in the wilderness, and no man gives heed. At length something about him catches the eye of the multitude,—it may be something quite aside from the main idea he is trying to express; and he becomes the vogue. His name is on the lips of the people. Crowds flock to hear him just to see what he is like. He is called a great man. And then, if he be indeed a sincere spirit, comes his profound disappointment. It is not his message but himself that they are praising. They laud him to the skies, and forget the things he has been urging upon them. Or, they treasure some utterances of his that were spoken by the way, and ignore the great idea he was trying to teach. Every prophet has had that experience. Francis of Assisi already before his death saw his followers degrading him to a miracle-worker, and returning to that very worship of money and organization from which he had sought to deliver them. Carlyle said just before his death: "They call me a great man now, but not one believes what I have told them." Ruskin bitterly complained that the world was reading and praising his works on art, and ignoring that social message into which he had put the supreme strength of his soul. But the greatest sufferer in this way has been the greatest spirit of all. As Rauschenbush sententiously says, "His enemies crucified his body on the cross and his friends proceeded to crucify his spirit in the church. And surely no tortures that his body suffered on Calvary can have been so bitter a crucifixion as that which his spirit has suffered as he has seen the whole world calling him "Lord, Lord," fighting battles over just what exalted title of deity might be given him, and for the most part wholly missing the point of that which he came to say.

At no time since the end of the first century has there been any danger but that men would call Jesus Lord. Certainly there has been no danger of it in the nations where Christianity has become the established form of religion. All the strength that has been put into defining and defending his lordship has been a mere piling up of votes in a contest already won. But there has been at every date in the Christian era a very real danger that men would not do the things that he said in the sense in which he meant them.

What, then, are the things that Jesus said? A great many of them have been handed down to us in the gospels, just how accurately we shall never be perfectly sure. But assuming that they have been reported with substantial accuracy, what does it mean to do the things that he said? The answer of the average Christian would probably be that it means to read the gospels carefully, to note what directions Jesus gives, all the various things that he has said, and obey them in one's life. But the average Christian, nay, even the extraordinary Christian, does not do anything of the kind. He thinks he does; but he is mistaken. Nor is it a case of falling short. He does not even make any serious attempt to do many of the things which Jesus said. If any man here thinks he does, let him go home and read through any one of the gospels and he will find passage after passage which he has been getting around by some excuse or explanation. A most curious mental phenomenon is the way people will go through the gospels and see only the things there they have been taught to see or that especially impress them, take only those meanings that they have always heard, and be utterly blind to other things that are said over and over again in the plainest and most emphatic way. And these people will look you in the face and with perfect honesty of spirit say that they are sincerely trying to believe and to do all the things that Jesus said!

But even if we did in a painstaking way take everything that Jesus ever said and find something in our lives that would correspond to it, and do that thing with diligence—even then we should be on the wrong track. The real spirit of a great life is not secured in that way. There must be some sense of proportion, a recognition of different degrees of emphasis. If we are to do the things that Jesus said, we must first decide what he regarded as the most important things in his message, and put the strength of our lives into those things.

Here is where the differences of Christendom arise. Again and again men have taken some little word lying somewhere on the edge of his teaching, and by some strange perversity focused all their attention upon that. Great dogmas have been built upon *obiter dicta* of the Master. The great thing was baptism and doing it in a certain way; or the main thing was the Lord's supper and receiving it in a certain way; or the essential thing was the laying on of hands by the apostles or their official successors. Against those who have omitted any of these things the words of our text have been solemnly quoted. It is as if a man were to announce himself an enthusiastic follower of Theodore Roosevelt, and make it all hinge upon his views on spelling reform or race suicide or wild animals. A woman once expressed to me her detestation of the views of Lyman Abbott, and as I was getting out my weapons in defense of his theology it appeared that she referred to his views upon woman suffrage! It is all a matter of straining out the gnat and swallowing the camel; only which is the gnat, and which the camel? What things are the mint, anise and cummin, and what the weightier matters of the law? All the divisions among Christians come over this question. And the result is that while all are using the word "Christ," one is following one Christ and another another because each has a different idea of where the emphasis lay in the mind of Jesus. In other words, each is marking his gospels in a different way, and so we have the creeds of Christendom.

1. Here for example comes the Catholic, the only one whose claim to the title orthodox dates back of the fifteenth century. He points to the high moral teachings of Jesus simply to cast us into despair. "See, they are so high no man has ever kept them. We are all guilty. It is only a question how to get forgiven." And then he draws a red line under the verse about building the church on Peter and giving the keys of heaven and earth to him; and another under the words, "Whosesoever sins ye remit they are remitted." And lo, you have a monopoly of the divine forgiveness vested in the church which is the official successor of Peter. That according to the Catholic is the great thing that Jesus came to do, to set in motion this machinery of the church by which men might be delivered from hell. And to do the things that he said is to submit oneself absolutely to the Church.

2. Here again comes the typical evangelical, the man of the type of Mr. Moody. He too has marked

his gospels and in a very different way. With him, too, the question is how to be delivered from hell. Ask him what it is to do the things that Jesus said, and he will tell you very quickly. It is to repent of your sins, and believe that Jesus is divine, and accept his death on the cross as the sacrifice for your sins, and be baptized as he said, and bear witness of him before men as he said. Do this and you will be saved in the life to come. These, according to him, are the principal things Jesus came to get us to do. Ask him about the moral teachings, and he will declare of course that they are very perfect, and valuable evidences of his divinity. But they are not the central thing, and obedience to them will not save a man. The main thing is to believe. Here and there he will have marked one among the moral teachings, chiefly words about self-denial, mortifying the flesh, giving up something that you want very much. Belief that Jesus died for our sins, the renunciation of certain personal desires which are felt to be unholy, and the carrying of this message to others —these to him are the main things Jesus came to teach us; and he is putting all the earnestness of his life into these lines of effort. The man who is not doing this he regards as unconverted. So he marks his gospels.

3. Here comes a third man, a Christian Scientist. Open his gospels and you will find a wholly different set of markings. The great outstanding fact in the world to him is the fact of disease and ill-health. And the great outstanding fact to him about Jesus is that he came to introduce the power of overcoming disease by faith. He healed, and he told his followers to heal, by faith. Divine healing, healing by the power of belief in God, that is what he sees there. And certainly he has no difficulty in finding it. And when he hears the voice of Jesus saying, "Why call ye me Lord and do not the things that I say?" it means to him this thing, and he takes it up and utters it reproachfully to all others who call themselves followers of Jesus but are still using medicine.

But was this the main thing which Jesus was trying to do? Was it the thing into which he was putting the great strength of his life? Is it the way he would mark the gospels for us? Is that the measure of the service which Christ came to render—to show men the way of deliverance from their diseases and personal discomforts and infirmities? Is that what he meant by saving the world? It is not strange that this is a version of the gospel which is peculiarly acceptable to the rich; because the passages that might cause them discomfort are passed over very lightly or are spiritually interpreted. And any religious movement into which rich men are seen to be entering in great numbers, driving through the broad gates with smiling faces in their touring cars, should be regarded with profound distrust as a faithful interpretation of the message of Jesus.

4. Here is still another example. I talked the other day with a social reformer, and I found that he too had marked his gospels, and had marked them in a way wholly different from any of the others. "I look out upon the world," he said, "and I see a great struggle going on. It is the uprising of the lower classes, the poor and the ignorant. They are asking why it is that there should be such a wide difference between their houses and the houses of the rich. Is it because the rich are so much abler and better by nature, so much more talented and industrious? Or is it that laws and customs have been fixed so as to give them an enormous advantage, an advantage that accumulates from generation to generation, until the barrier has become impassable? They are asking why it is that the benefits of the enormous advances of invention and discovery have been so unevenly distributed? They are asking that question and are getting ready to demand with a mighty voice that every child that is born into the world shall be given an equal chance with every other, that the child of the rich shall have no advantage over the child of the poor." And then he went on to show how our whole system of business is founded on selfishness, on each man's striving to gain the upper hand for himself and his children against the other man and his children. "So it has been all through history," he said; "but now we are in the midst of a great struggle to revolutionize all this and make love and brotherhood the law of business and of all life."

And then he showed me his gospels all marked up with words of Jesus, the sermon on the mount red with markings, and the gospel of Luke especially red. What did he mean by "The meek shall inherit the earth?"—by "Lay not up treasures,"—by "Get you no gold or silver,"—by "Ye cannot serve God and mammon,"—by "Sell all thy goods and give to the poor,"—by "Blessed are ye poor,"—by "First be reconciled with thy brother,"—by "Love thy neighbor as thyself,"—by "Keep yourselves from all covetousness,"—by "How hardly shall a rich man enter?" What did he mean by that parable where the beggar and the rich man change places? Where is this "kingdom of heaven" of which he is speaking? Is it not on earth? and if it is, are not these the watchwords of a new era, the very one for which we of the social revolution are contending?

No men are quoting Jesus with more earnestness and with more telling effect today than are the socialists and other radical social reformers. And the things they are quoting are not a few doubtful sayings, but a line of emphasis that runs all through his teaching. Can there be any doubt, they say, where the sympathies of Jesus would be in the great conflict that is going on today? And then they come to us who call ourselves Christians and ask us if our sympathies are where those of the Master would be; if we are not rather taking great pains to treat the rich man with consideration and make it easy for him to "get down on his knees and crawl through the needle's eye." They point to one man who has set the laws of God and man at defiance and built up a most oppressive monopoly; and lo, he is surrounded by obsequious churchmen hoping for his benefactions. They point to another who has built up his immense fortune partly by creating in the iron mills of Pennsylvania the most hopeless industrial conditions in this country today; and he too is hailed as benefactor and prince of peace. They point to another who carries the spirit of a miser even into his benevolence, driving sharp bargains with small colleges, giving them money and charging them interest on the gift, palming off residence property at inflated values and rubbing his hands with satisfaction as some institution gives him credit for fifty per cent more than it is worth—they point to Christians doing honor to this man as an eminent benefactor of the kingdom. And they ask us if we have not got a good long way from the spirit of the teaching of our Master They quote with telling force the words, "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

Here then are these different ways of marking the gospels. And they are not merely different theories that prevail among scholars. They are different types of enthusiasm which are moving upon the people. At different points you will find each of them at white heat in the city of Chicago. You will find one of them in the great Catholic institutions, with their tremendous doctrine of a Church which has the monopoly of re-

leasing the souls of men from purgatory. You will find another of them around the Moody Institute, where earnest young men and women are preparing themselves with prayer and consecration to go forth and save the world by faith in the Crucified. You will find another in the hearts of the surging crowds that throng the Christian Science temples absorbed in the thought that this is a rediscovery of the gospel of Christ. You will find the fourth around the settlements, and in places where the followers of Henry George or of Karl Marx congregate. They are all tremendously in earnest, and all quoting Jesus, and each thinks he has the main thing Jesus came to say and that the others have wholly missed the point.

Here is a Catholic saying, "submit to the Church to be saved." Here is the Moodyite pointing to the Cross and crying, "Come, let us crucify the flesh and be justified by faith. That is following Jesus."—Here is the Eddyite pointing to the works of healing and crying, "Come let us have faith and overcome all the ills of matter." Here is the Socialist pointing to the golden rule and the law of human brotherhood and summoning us to be crusaders for the new social order, and saying, "This is following Jesus."

And what is the average Christian saying? The average Christian is wondering a little what all these people are so excited about. He is quite calm and moderate himself and lets nothing interfere with his business and his three meals a day. He reads the comforting passages in the gospels, says his prayers, goes to church every few Sundays, tries to be as good as he can, and hopes the Lord will look in mercy on his shortcomings. He is a very estimable man; but of them all I am most certain that he is not the true follower of Jesus.

Now from all this what shall be our conclusions? One thing is clear. Those gospels are not dead. They are tremendously alive. They have batteries of power of so many different kinds in them, that one hardly knows which is the most potent. Another conclusion is that you and I, every one of us, need to study those gospels, study them with active not with passive mind, and seek to reconstruct for ourselves the message of Jesus. What was it he was really trying to say with all his soul? And who is the man today that above all others would be felt by the Master to be doing the things that he said? Read the gospels, and decide yourselves what the markings should be. Don't let another man mark them for you. Don't let Paul mark them for you. (That's the mistake of the Moodyite. He has let Paul mark his gospels for him. Jesus did not leave it to Paul to interpret his teachings. He left it to the Holy Spirit in the heart of the believer.) Don't let Mrs. Eddy mark them for you. You can make the Bible say anything you choose if you use her method of marking it. Make your own markings as to the real heart of the message of Jesus, the thing which he wants us above all else to do.

I should be recreant to duty if I let this sermon end without indicating my own position. I believe that the heart of Jesus' message is his social message, that his great teaching is that of brotherhood, brotherhood on the background of divine fatherhood. If he came to Chicago, I do not believe he would find himself most at home amid the fervors of the Moody Church; nor yet in the complacent and sanguine optimism of the Scientists. Nor yet do I think he would join the ranks of any of the social theorists. But his message would be the social message, brotherhood, the abolition of privilege, the coming of a new era in which to give and not to get, to do honest work and not to buy cheap and sell dear, to value the human soul and not its trappings, shall be the law of life.

He came to call for volunteers, he is calling to-day for volunteers—men who with warm and simple hearts, with reverent and open minds, are ready to love God supremely and their neighbor as themselves. These men will have all the good that is in any of these different views. They will be living that hidden life of the spirit which does win the victory in the conflict with the flesh and its ills. They will be the pioneers of that new social order whose coming is destined to be the miracle on which the Christianity of the future shall be builded. They will have all the justification and regeneration and sanctification of which the evangelicals do so fervently talk—but they will not know it by any of those names. And when the church is composed of such men, spirit filled and spirit guided, when they control its life and its work, then and not till then will it be truly the Church Catholic, and the things that it binds on earth will be things which are indeed bound in heaven.

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### Outgrown

"Nobody ever enjoys a real sorrow—a fresh one," said Aunt Polly, reflectively, "but a good many folks seem to be very fond of dried ones—something that can be laid aside in lavender and rose leaves, and brought out once in a while to be wept over. Most of us have that kind, if only we realized it, and waste many an hour in mourning that isn't strictly called for.

"Once it was a real grief and pain, likely enough, and lay on our heart like a load. We didn't need to nurse it those days; we couldn't get it out of our mind, and we thought it would darken all our life. But time is a wonderful healer, and by and by the hurt and sting faded out of it, and it was dead, and ought to have been buried. But instead of that we sort of embalmed it; and we bring it out and mourn over it days when we want to enjoy the luxury of being miserable and fancying our lot a hard one.

"You needn't laugh, girls. Just look back at your 'blue days'—the hours you spend grieving over something in the past—and see if they're not pretty nearly what I've said. Real sorrow is sharp and keen, but when you find there is something you like to call up and be miserable over, you may be sure it isn't anything you really need to cry about any more."

—*Selected.*

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### The Higher Life

Walk in the light! In darkness there is fear,
The way is dim and evil shapes appear;
Choose thou the sunshine, for it is thy right;
He knows no fear whose path is in the light.

Build on the heights! Below in every breath,
Lurk germs of listlessness, disease and death;
Life-giving air, bright days, and starlit nights—
These are for him whose home is on the heights.

Live near to God! In him is strength and peace,
Joy that abides and life that will not cease;
Too long thy feet the path of doubt have trod;
Leave thy low life! Rise up and live with God!

—*William P. Merrill, in The Interior.*

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There is much discontent in our lives of which we should be ashamed, all because we see imperfectly the things that others have. Said the workman as he watched the millionaire pass, "How happy is that man's lot; how I wish I were rich as he." Said the millionaire, with a sigh, as he saw the brawny workman, "How I wish I had the physical strength and health of that man! I have not enjoyed a meal in months as he will his cold lunch while he rests at noon."—*Selected.*

## THE BOOK TABLE

### Books for the Summer

From Funk & Wagnalls I have received a volume of sermons by Charles L. Goodell. They are decently good sermons for those that can make use of them. It is an effort to accept the world as an unpleasant fact, that we cannot get rid of, and then wrap it up in the mosquito netting of belief in another world. So far as there is any ideal at all for this class of men it is preaching. Young men are spoken of as hiding themselves in business. Can anybody really tell what the following sentence means: "When I see a young man who has a capacity for noble endeavor, who is called to a kingdom where he may be God's chosen man for a great work, I cannot bear to see him hide himself in the stuff—but here they are; immersed in business." Through all my life I have learned that the manliest man, and the one nearest to God, is he who performs honestly what his hands find to do each day. A man may preach better with his hoe than with his tongue, and while he may not brag over the other, the other need not boastfully exploit his own eloquence as being more Godlike. If we follow the Bible we must believe that God's first work in this world was to plant a garden. It probably had an orchard close by. Burbank ought to have a D. D. attached to his name as much as anyone who occupies a pulpit. Take hold with both hands and a clean heart and allow no room for thinking your lot an inferior one because it is not notorious. When Moses found God he found him in the bushes; if you look hard behind your currant bushes you may be just as successful.

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From the Macmillan Company I get "Spirit Lake," by Arthur Heming. This is a volume of nature stories, gathered from the wilderness. They incorporate Indian legendary lore in a way that may call down the denunciations of Dr. Burroughs, backed up by the Hunter of the White House. All the same I like the stories, and shall reread them. I have faith in any man who has sympathy with nature, but I have no faith in a man who thinks his nose the only one that ever smelled a rose.

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From Funk & Wagnalls Company I get "Practical Christian Sociology," by Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts. There are many good things in this book, but it seems to me a terrible muddle. There is something in it about almost every conceivable problem in ethics or religion. There is with all the rest a good deal of the tone which characterized preaching fifty years ago, and yet this is fused or confused with the modern tone—that is, conservatism and liberalism have got mixed. There are lots of pictures, including Theodore Roosevelt, Harriet Beecher Stowe, General Booth, Anthony Comstock and Mr. Wilbur F. Crafts himself.

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From Macmillan Company I get "Christianity and the Social Crisis," by Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, of Rochester Theological Seminary. It is a revolutionary book, or rather the summing up of a revolution. It brings Christianity into correlation with social evolution. I cannot state the author's purpose better than in his own introduction: "Unless our economic and intellectual factors are strongly reinforced by religious enthusiasm, the whole social movement may prove abortive, and the New Era may die before it comes to birth. It follows that the relation between Christianity and the social crisis is one of the most pressing questions for all intelligent men." The book is an effort to show the historical tendencies of primitive Christianity in order to find out the real purpose of the Christian movement. After determining this, the fourth chapter undertakes to explain why the Christian church has never undertaken to carry out the fundamental purpose of its existence. Then follows a magnificent demand upon the church, in the present social crisis, to contribute its religious power to make good its pledge to save the world. I know of no book that shakes a man up better, and leaves him uninspired of his old notions and satisfactions.

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From the same house I get a thoroughly good and very surprising volume from Professor Leighton, of Hobart College, entitled "Jesus Christ and the Civilization of Today." It is a good companion volume for the preceding—only that it deals with personal character rather than with the social aspects of religion. It is a splendid demonstration of the Unitarian view of Jesus. It makes the union between God and Jesus to have been ethical. He has it finely demonstrated that the only unity worth the while is that of will, of heart and of character. "It is in this sense, as the perfect embodiment of God's character that we may say on grounds of ethical experience that Jesus is the Son of God." The book contains a very good lesson for us in the way of warning us that mere evolution may cover a cataclysm of degeneracy.

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From Burrows Bros., of Cleveland, Ohio, I have received the third volume of Avery's "History of the United States"—a truly superb piece of work, and got up in a way that cannot be surpassed. When I received the prospectus of this history I felt that it was a work of supererogation. Each volume in succession persuades me that I was mistaken. Not only is the history unique but Mr. Avery himself is unique. He was made up for this very work, and I doubt if any other man will ever surpass him on the same lines. His style is as readable as Uncle Tom's Cabin, and he can wade through the dullest epoch and event in such a way that you feel that you have been looking on a pleasant landscape. Of course, I cannot enter here into a discussion of a critical sort concerning events—nor am I qualified. I simply believe Mr. Avery's judgment to be remarkably accurate. He spent twenty years in preparation, and it will take several years of publication. These twenty years of study and research are coming to us in the form of a history of ourselves and the antecedents of ourselves. I for one hope that the American people will promptly appreciate what is being done. Someone has compared the author with Froude; such a comparison can only refer to style, for Mr. Froude had a false philosophy of history, and a vicious vision where his prejudices came in. This third volume of Mr. Avery's brings us down through the founding of the colonies—the period just before the final struggle for the conquest of New France. It is magnificently illustrated, like its predecessors. It is a coöperative production, in which the publishers not only do the printing but one of them the orignal planning.

E. P. Powell.

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### The Gift of Gratitude

Thanksgiving is the heart a-flower—
From all the seeds of grateful thought;
'Tis melody in life's bright bower,
The birds of joy to us have brought!

Thanksgiving is the little child—
With glow of gladness in its face;
It is the man all undefiled—
Who shows to God manhood's grace!

—William Brunton.

## THE WATCH TOWER

*Watchman, tell us of the night;*
*What its signs of promise are!*

### The Week

*Verdict at Boise City.*

After considerable delay the jury to which was submitted the fate of William D. Haywood, charged with the murder of former Gov. Frank Steunenberg, of Idaho, brought in a verdict of not guilty. According to press reports this was a surprise to most all concerned, even the defendant and his attorneys being prepared for a conviction and hoping for nothing more than a disagreement of the jury. According to the reports of Mr. Luke Grant, of the *Record-Herald*, who is an avowed sympathizer with union labor, himself a union man, has been free from the charge of prejudice, Attorney Darrow grasped the hand of Haywood just before the verdict was announced and told him to be prepared for the worst, and other indications were not wanting to the effect that a verdict of acquittal was a surprise on all sides. In some quarters credit is given to the charge to the jury by Judge Wood, in which he virtually directed the men that they could not bring in a verdict of guilty unless there was other evidence outside the testimony of the self-convicted murderer, Orchard, which left no reasonable doubt of the guilt of the prisoner. Members of the jury are quoted as saying that such evidence was not adequate ground on which to hang a man. There are those who say that the jury were convinced that Orchard was merely a tool in the game, but yet saw no evidence sufficient to enable them to send Haywood to the gallows for this particular crime. What effect the verdict may have on the trial of the other two prisoners, or what effect on the general standing of the Western Federation of Miners, is problematical, but it seems easy to conclude that neither the Western Federation nor the authorities of Colorado and other states will henceforth be likely to embark on such a career of violence as unquestionably has characterized the methods of both sides. Further, whatever convictions one may hold as to the attitude of the Federation, the circumstances surrounding the acquittal of Haywood cannot fail to bring a sense of relief to all men of heart who have followed the proceedings.

*Dr. Hau Convicted.*

In contrast with the acquittal of Haywood is the conviction of Dr. Karl Hau, a brilliant young professor of Roman law at the George Washington University, in Washington, D. C., who was sentenced last week to execution by the ax, for the murder of his mother-in-law in Baden-Baden, Germany, November 6th last. The verdict was exceedingly unpopular with the crowd on the streets and friends of the prisoner declare that if he committed the crime at all he was and is insane. The further question will always remain whether capital punishment is either a deterrent of crime or a justifiable procedure for any state.

*Many Lives Lost.*

Early last week the steamship *Columbia* collided with a lumber schooner off the California coast in a dense fog and the passenger vessel soon went to the bottom with a loss of over fifty lives. Although various charges are made against ships' officers, not a few instances of heroism, both on the part of officials and passengers, were noted, the captain of the *Columbia* himself going down with the vessel.

*Railroad Troubles in North Carolina.*

The experience of the North Carolina authorities in enforcing the new two-cent rate law against the protest and in defiance of the railroads concerned, has furnished interesting reading and made unique history. Last week President Finley, of the Southern Railroad, as well as the ticket agent, who had been officially ordered to continue to sell tickets at the old three-cent rate, were placed under arrest, although immediately released on habeas corpus proceedings by Federal Judge Pritchard. The ticket agent had been previously sentenced to thirty days on the chain gang for violating the new rate law and had been released on habeas corpus proceedings by the same judge. As a final outcome of the difficulty the railroads surrendered to Governor Glenn, who apparently has won a complete victory, though some matters are still undecided at the present writing.

*Crime in New York City.*

An epidemic of crime seems to have broken out in New York City and is sweeping over the metropolis with all the vigor of a pestilence. The psychological aspect of crime could not be better illustrated than by the rise and progress of such an epidemic as this and the one in Chicago some months ago. Robbery and assault are the chief crimes, particularly the brutal assault on unprotected women and young girls. The police authorities have admitted their impotence and have warned parents to take proper precautions. Aside from the horrible details of these crimes and the awful sufferings of the victims there is the increasingly common suggestion that since constituted authorities are unable to cope with the flood of evil, "vigilance committees" must be organized to take the law into their own hands. It is difficult for common men to restrain feelings of vengeance or to refuse approval to mob violence when the report of some of these crimes reaches them. Certainly the law must vindicate itself or other forces will be justified in saving society from such criminals.

*Band of Murderers Caught.*

The assassination of an Armenian millionaire importer of Oriental rugs, Mr. H. S. Tavshanji, in New York the other day, and the similar killing of other foreigners for unexplained reasons, adds additional interest to the successful capture of a band of ruffians said to be members of the "Black Hand," by the detectives and officers employed by the United States Steel Corporation. According to press reports detectives have been working on this case for some time and enough evidence had been secured to warrant the arrest of these men and about twenty are now in jail awaiting trial, against whom the evidence is said to be very complete. Rumors of Italian and other foreign secret societies have been common in recent years, but how much was fact and how much the imagination of the reporter has never been apparent. The trial of these prisoners will furnish an interesting side light on the character of the immigrants coming to America.

*Child Labor and Child-Idleness.*

Recent articles in the press—many of them no doubt inspired by the article in *North American Review*, by Thomas S. Mosby, call attention to the public interest in child labor which assures the speedy solution of that problem, while there is relatively little concern over the greater problem of child-idleness. Mr. Mosby contends that the "criminal is not the product of the trades, of the workshop, or of the factory," but is rather the inevitable result of a childhood spent in idleness, a manhood or womanhood without trade or profession or skill to earn an honest living. The subject has special reference to the present increasing demand for manual training in all schools as well as for the industrial education of negroes and others similarly situated.

*Street Cars in Dresden.*

All street cars in Dresden are now to be equipped with a perfected fender which is said to make loss of life practically impossible. Some four years ago the city council of Dresden—where municipal ownership has been in sway for some years—offered $2,500 in prizes for the most effective safety fenders. The first prize of $1,000 has now been awarded to a local merchant, whose invention is said to leave nothing to be desired. No reports of this kind have yet come from cities where private ownership is still regarded as the only safe method.

C. A. O.

## THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

### The Fringed Gentian

God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed—and all the summer laughed.
But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the north evoked it.
Creator! Shall I bloom?

—*Emily Dickinson.*

### Life's Better Dream

Amid the turmoil and the care
Of things that dark and evil seem,
There comes the perfume of a prayer,
There comes our manhood's better dream!

We sense the world is moving on—
To all realities of light;
We sense the midnight hour is gone,
Lo! in the east love's token bright!

There comes to us a glow of soul,
A feeling of new purpose strong;
It has in us divine control—
To end the weary age of wrong!

The individual life is love,
It falls at last like withered leaf,
'Tis in the race our might is known,
To conquer sin and want and grief!

Man grows and strengthens with the years,
A force from all our forces gained,
In this great self all good appears,
In it our dreamings are attained!

This is the splendid vision sent,
To call us from our little life,
This is our age's grand intent,
The glorious purpose of its strife!

O, like a song within the heart,
It doth as heavenly music seem,
It doth new strength to man impart,
The light of love—life's better dream!

—William Brunton

### The Life That Is Worth While

The following quotation is from the closing chapter of George Eliot's "Romola":

"I should like to be something," said Lillo, "that would make me a great man, and very happy besides—something that would not hinder me from having a good deal of pleasure."

"That is not easy, my Lillo," said Romola. "It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasure or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful. My father had the greatness that belongs to integrity; he chose poverty and obscurity rather than falsehood. And there was Fra Girolamo; he had the greatness which belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrong, and in trying to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of. And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. And remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it a rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same; and it would be calamity fallen on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say, 'It would have been better for me if I had never been born.'

"There was once a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost everyone fond of him, for he was young and clever and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe when I first knew him he never thought of anything cruel or base. But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him."

### How They Planted a Tree

Tilly and Ernest were playing down by the brook. They were spending a week at grandma's, and the brook was their favorite play place. Ernest was launching ships at the head of the Mississippi, and allowing them to slip away down to the Gulf Stream, which was down by the cranberry patch in the field. Tilly had built a large city about half-way down the brook, and she had established mills that needed great water-power, and so she built a large dam. This interfered so greatly with commerce that Ernest came running down to offer objections.

"But you can't build a city on my river!" he said, emphatically.

"But it is not your river," she declared. "Rivers belong to the whole world—not even to the men who discover them."

Just as they had reached the point when Tilly usually stamped her feet, grandpa came along, and suggested that the city be built above the point where the shipping was going on, the dam to be much smaller.

This settled the matter just right. "See," said Ernest, "I will stick this little willow twig right here, and if you see me going above that point you can drive me off." So saying, he drove the willow into the soft mud, and the play went as happily as before.

It happened that the children did not come to the farm for three years, and when they did they went out with grandpa to see all the new sights.

As they came down by the brook grandpa said, "Now here is a wonderful charter tree—for here is where the peace treaty was given." The children saw a straight little willow-tree growing gracefully by the side of the brook. When grandpa told them that it was the little twig that had divided the commerce of the Mississippi, they could hardly believe it.

"When you are playing with nature," said grandpa, "you can't be too careful, for she is a thorough workman. It was very fortunate that you planted this twig so straight."—*Mira Jenks Stafford.*

There is a sunlight that contracts the vision; there is a starlight that enlarges it to take in infinite space. —*Adeline D. T. Whitman.*

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## THE FIELD

*"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."*

### Foreign Notes

SEPARATION A FACT IN GENEVA!—If there had been, as was claimed, a lack of constructive criticism of the government's bill for the suppression of the budget of worship while that measure was under discussion in the Grand Conucil, no sooner was it passed by that body and a date set for its rejection or acceptance by the people than the silence was broken with a vengeance. The multiplicity of meetings, discussions, lectures, sermons, addresses, pamphlets, placards, newspaper articles, and special publications for and against Separation, that appeared during the ensuing ten days gave abundant evidence that there was far from being any general indifference on the subject. On the eve of the referendum the Consistory decided, though not with absolute unanimity, on an appeal to the voters to reject the law. Notwithstanding this seventeen pastors of the National church published over their signatures a strong and brave appeal for its acceptance, while recognizing to the full the responsibility they assumed by so doing. Thirty-two pastors, assistant pastors and theological professors replied with an anti-separatist appeal and this group, curiously, included Prof. Montet and the other liberals whose names became familiar to us at the time of the Geneva liberal congress in 1905. Rev. Francis Chaponnière, long time editor of *La Semaine Religieuse*, a strictly orthodox journal, publishing these various documents and the proceedings of the Consistory, as he had previously noted with strict impartiality all manifestation pro and con, felt justified at the final crisis in giving also, at some length, his personal views, the more because the side he felt irrevocably bound to take after many years' study of the question was more unpopular than ever with his colleagues. Having never been an opportunist or a time-server, he said, he would be sorry to give any occasion for thinking that he closed an editorial career, which, in the nature of things, could not last much longer, with an act of cowardice. His extended editorial in support of the bill was one of the strongest arguments in favor of Separation and an undoubted help to the cause.

So amid an ever-growing intensity of feeling, the decisive day drew on, the Separationists strong in the conviction that only by such a measure could the state be saved from ever-increasing difficulties of a politico-religious nature and all forms of worship be made equal before the law; the anti-separationists dreading—and not without reason in view of all that has been going on in France—that Separation would mean the breaking up of their beloved National church into a number of weakened and divergent groups.

The balloting, as usual, was on a Sunday and it was known at a comparatively early hour that the city itself had rejected the law. Out of a registration of 6,496, only 1,589 had voted for, to 1,926 against it. The anti-separationists were elated and prepared to celebrate their victory. We who have grown up under such entirely different conditions, can scarcely realize the grief and dismay of many loyal, earnest souls when, as the news from the outlying communes came in late that evening, it was seen that the unexpected had happened, the law had been ratified by the people. So sure were the opponents of the measure that it would share the fate of its predecessors in 1880 and 1898 that they could never be persuaded to consider it seriously. As the returns came in they were at first incredulous and then heart-broken. Strong men sobbed, others were prostrated. Several elderly church members are reported seriously ill from the shock. As a private letter puts it: "One would have thought from the lamentations that St. Pierre was in ruins or the city itself destroyed." So great was the depression that even the Calvin celebration in 1909 seemed to some hopelessly discredited by this sudden catastrophe. The friends of the bill within the church, though confident that time would show the wisdom of it even from the standpoint of the church itself, felt their rejoicing tempered by a keen sense of responsibility as well as by the sorrow of their friends. In this connection it is significant to note that out of a total registration of 25,150 only 14,476 votes were polled. Many abstentions were due to an unwillingness to assume responsibility for so momentous a change, still more perhaps, to dread of family dissension.

But if the first outbursts were extreme and irrational, one can but admire the promptness with which all parties interested in the National Protestant church rallied from the shock and putting aside all personal feeling, set themselves with practical unanimity to the task of reconstruction. One cannot take up a Geneva paper, either secular or religious, without finding evidences of a spirit and purpose that will go far toward preserving for this historic center its time-honored position of religious leadership. The bill itself is a very liberal one. Though fathered by Mr. Henry Fazy, the leader of the radicals, and warmly supported by the socialists, it can by no means be considered as favoring the Roman Catholics only, nor as a blow aimed at the National church as a church. It does not go into effect till the first of January, 1909; the salaries of the pastors are continued for a time, the church edifices are left gratuitously to the bodies to which they belong and St. Peter's remains, as heretofore, in the possession of the Protestants, though I believe the state retains the right to use it on occasion.

A preliminary meeting of the Consistory was held on July 2 at which it was decided that the first step to be taken was the holding of a sort of family council to include the members of the Pastors' Association and representatives of the parish councils. These parish councils, by the way, are a somewhat new instrumentality in the church and may play no inconsiderable part in its reorganization. They are small advisory bodies of laymen chosen from each parish to meet regularly and have the oversight of its affairs.

This larger meeting, held a week later under the presidency of Mr. Edward Bordier, president of the Consistory, was attended by the 31 members of the Consistory (25 laymen and 6 ministers), the 36 members of the *Compagnie des Pasteurs* (all the pastors in charge, six of whom are members of the Consistory), and 42 delegates from the parish councils (two from each council). After a few words of welcome and thanks to all present for this evidence of attachment to church and country, Mr. Bordier touched briefly on the troublous days just lived through and the strength and comfort that had come in the vision of a new National Protestant church at Geneva, a vision due to the expressions of sympathy on all sides, the warm and sincere promises of collaboration and conciliation. The wisdom and efforts of all would be needed for the difficult and delicate task before them, friends and foes alike were watching to see if our church is capable of reorganization or whether the unity of Genevan Protestantism is at an end.

M. E. H.

(*Concluded next week*)

Pupil—"Do you believe in spelling reform?" Teacher—"In your case I do. About every other one of your words is spelled wrong."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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